

There is no true deadly weapons, only deadly peopl  
by Terran Max

Category: How to Train Your Dragon  
Genre: Adventure, Friendship  
Language: English  
Characters: Hiccup  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2011-11-12 19:24:37  
Updated: 2011-11-12 19:24:37  
Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:03:29  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 1  
Words: 946  
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net  
Summary: The story that start with a myth then grew to desrtoy the world as it known, Gang look out your not the alone

There is no true deadly weapons, only deadly peopl

## RETURN OF THE LOST TRIDES OF THE VIKINGS

This is a fanfiction i come up with on my our and work on for some time, it takes place three years after the end of the movie and but has flachback to before as well.

its mostly from Hiccup's view point but some others as well

How To Train Your Dragon is and will not be my for it is the work of Dreamworks

"The lost Trides a group of viking clans that had become tired of the never ending wars and deside to find a place where their could be free of the blood fudes and clan wars but on the day of their leaving a great story come"said the old story tell of the small island of Berk to the children with little more care then a goat but one

"SO " said the little young Hiccup, who had told the villige story tell moany times that he hated to not know the ending of stories" what happen to them, i mean did you get to where their wnat to go, or what" the last partw as said in a quick way that said how he though

but the old woman with a knowing smile just went on" its not know where they went or what even happened to them" then in a lower quitter voince that as always get the other kids attansh" little was even known of the Trides before they left but that they where increatable fighters like no others"

seven years later after the Red Death

Hiccup ran down the run to the docks, by his side moaned a really unhappy Night Fury that had wanted its rider to stay in bed, so it could as well. the black lizerd like beast was a creature of the night and like to sleep in the day , if it get the chance with its hyper actived human incontroll. but this was even stranger behaiver then normal what there was, not only four hours seen then normal over the norm but that the speech Hiccup was going he was going to hurt himself.

just as the dragon thought this the viking boy took a viking trip and started a viking fall before is friend caught him by the shirt in a tooth less mouth

as Hiccup get his feet under him and thank Toothless, he could not stop thinking of the lettle that all the viiking villages had get from a tribe that many didn't even believe was even real

and now Hiccup looked out at the strange ship of the lost tride of WiseWeases or as their where calling themselves now the Empire of the Far West was in the harber of Berk

The ship was big, bigger then any ship any viking anywhere had ever seen as far as tose of Beerk where sure, but it also had a design like no other seen in recorded histroy of Berk with two mast and far too many sails and rope on it to be safe thought Hiccup but then again he was also sure it had safely sailed here so maybe he was wrong

the Hiccup saw one of the many man on the deck of the ship that seemed off, first he thought it was that he was the leader which he acted like but the one meanting other his father Stoic had said he was in command of the ship or so their thought thats what he said, the word of the strangers where very much like Norse but was not the same and hard to understand sometimes

but the man did seen to have the respect of the crew around him, though not a captain but some kind of leader

he was wearing a different armor then the other, the right sight was more covered than the left and it was some how painted pure black, then Hiccup looked close as he neared the group his father was in, and it became clear

although berk had Night fury now in a lot of its art it had only just start and this guy from some place far way only now seening what happen to the vikings here had a hermet with fury ears, fury wind shoulder paddes, and fury design sword handle

and Hiccup was not the only one that saw something out of place but not in the vister but the First Scout Lord Eric Brink was looking coverly in the younge viking boy's directions was he led the large Night Fury to captain Marks group

as he kept looking Scout Gripbit walk up to him " My Lord we sured have let Javelin

come" said the small but powerfully build man in a low voice

"No we sured no go over board with this he is a good fighter but not

a good talker a we all know to well Grip" this was also in a low voice but a little un sure thought the scout,which send s shiver down his neck, but his superior will on ina louder a clear voice " no this is not the place for him not. we will make do with what we have if anything happens, the end clear"

the only answer was a yes my lord and then to two went different ways as one went to see of the talks where going and the First Scout when Went down below deck

this is a prologue if you like it so far please tell me and if not i would liek to know so i can do some about it in ant future fanfic

Thank you for reading

End  
file.